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that he, a Roman Catholic, like myself, believing that the truths of the Catholic religion can be proved from the Scriptures.

"Mr. John Macnamara—Order, order.

"Mr. Creagh—I am not out of order. I say that so far from danger arising from the general perusal of that book, I would place it in the hands of every man, woman, and child in Ireland. And my allusion to that is not at all irrelevant; because it is from that book the people of Ulster have learned the great principle and law of Providence that 'man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.' I say it is this knowledge that has spread both self-reliance and individual exertion among the people of Ulster, and has led them to pursue habits of industry. Is it not the reverse with the people of this part of the country? Here the people depend not on their own exertions, but on the exertions of others. They rely on dragging from the farmer and landowner all their substance, to be scattered in the shape of indoor and outdoor relief among them. But their instructors have not inculcated principles of self-reliance among them; nor have they taken care to instruct them in the words of the apostle—that 'if any man does not work, neither should he eat.' They have not explained to them that the reception of outdoor relief by parties able to earn their bread is equal to robbery, which the law of the land would punish by transportation. But on this important point I do not intend to detain this meeting further, and shall defer to another opportunity speaking more at large on the subject.

"Mr. John Macnamara said—I fully agree in the greater part of the statements made by Mr. Creagh; but I dissent from that part of it where he alludes to only one Roman Catholic bishop distributing the Bible. I am now rather advanced in life, and have long had acquaintance with the Catholic clergy, and I can say they are the most active and best friends of education. I know, also, that they never prevented their flocks from reading the Bible. I know that and I assert it without fear of contradiction (ironical cries of "hear hear," from Mr. Creagh). My friend, Mr. Creagh, need not to travel to the north for a bishop. We have them in the south and west, not at all inferior to the northern clergy; and Mr. Creagh is entirely mistaken in supposing that the Catholic clergy are not the friends of education, and of reading the Bible ("hear, hear," from Mr. Creagh)."

As another step in the right direction, we rejoice to hear that three dozen of Testaments have recently been ordered for the Roman Catholic children in the Cavan Union Poorhouse, on the application of the Roman Catholic chaplain, in consequence, we believe, of the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, having recently visited the school, and suggested the need of the supply. This is, we understand, the second time that Testaments have been supplied to these schools at the suggestion of Dr. Browne. We only hope that the reverend chaplain will carry out the object of his respected bishop, by vigilantly enforcing their use in the schools.

NEWSPAPER READERS.

The Americans are really a very droll people. The following sketch is original in style, and, considering its source, strictly true in substance. How endless is the variety of newspaper readers, and how hard it is to satisfy their wants.

Mr. A. believes he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news; while

B. is decidedly of opinion, that the same paper dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day.

C. don't take it, because it is all on one side; and D., whose opinion it generally expresses, does not like it, because it is not severe enough upon the opposition.

E. thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable literature.

F. cannot bear the flimsy notions of idle writers.

G. will not suffer a paper to lie upon his table which ventures to express an opinion against slavery.

H. never patronizes one that lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day.

I. declares he does not want a paper filled with the hodge-podge doings and undoings of the legislature.

J. considers that paper the best which gives the greatest quantity of such proceedings.

K. patronizes the papers for the light and lively reading which they contain.

L. wonders that the press does not publish Dewey's sermons, and such other solid matter.

M. will not even read a paper that will not expose the evils of sectarianism.

N. is decidedly of opinion that the pulpit, and not the press, should meddle with religious dogmas.

O. likes to read police reports.

P., whose appetite is less morbid, would not have a paper in which these silly reports are printed in his house.

Q. likes anecdotes.

R. won't take a paper that publishes them, and says, that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be put into papers.

S. complains that his miserable paper gave no account of that highway robbery last week.

T. says the type is too small.

U. thinks it too large.

V. stops his paper, because it contains nothing but advertisements.

W. wants it to see what is for sale.

X. will not take the paper unless it is left at his door before sunrise; while

Y. declares he will not pay for it, if left so early; that it is stolen from his house before he is up.

And, last of all, come the complaints of some of the ladies—who declare the paper very uninteresting, because it does not, every day, contain a list of marriages; just as if it were possible for the poor printer to marry people without a licence, and whether the parties will or no. But the variety of newspaper readers is too great for the present review; and "we give them up," with a determination to pursue the "even tenor of our way," in offering to the public such reading as, in our humble opinion, will prove most useful to them and interesting as possible.—*American Paper.*

THE TALK OF THE ROAD.

ONE Sunday, after chapel, Pat Dolan and Jemmy Brannan were going home from Mass; and as Pat, who was before, stopped to speak to a neighbour, Jem overtook him, and they walked on together.

"Good morning, Jem," says Pat.

"Good morning kindly, Pat."

And so they fell to talking of the sermon, for Father John had preached that day.

"Didn't Father John give it to the Bible readers, like himself, to-day?" said Pat.

"Deed and he did, and it's he that can," said Jem.

"I wonder how Tim Finnegan and Peter Daly, that I know is reading the Bible, liked to hear him; maybe that will stop them, or maybe they will go on till Father John puts up their names before the people," said Pat.

"I don't know," says Jem, "but I see that them that takes to reading is not easily put from it. But Father John said one thing to-day that bothers me entirely; I can't see the reason of it at all."

"Now, what was that?" says Pat.

"Why, he told us," says Jem, "that any man that takes to reading the Bible will be sure to turn Protestant; and I can't come up to the raison of that at all."

"Why, man alive," says Pat, "don't you see it yourself? Isn't there Tim Daly and Mat Fogarty, and plenty more, and Johnny Connor himself, that was sexton of the chapel, that Father John trusted more than any man in the parish; and didn't they all turn Protestants when they took to reading the Bible; and what for should you be saying that you can't understand Father John saying that, when you see it yourself as plain as the blessed sun in the sky this moment?"

"True for you, Pat," says Jemmy; "I see all that as plain as you do, and maybe a little more; for I see foreby, that it is mostly the best Catholic, and the most devoted man, and the man that minds his duty best, and the greatest arguer against the Protestants, that evermore turns Protestant, all out and out—the surest of all, once he takes to reading the Bible in earnest; none of your keeping it quiet in the bottom of the chest with the likes of them; but they'll turn readers too, and go through fire and water to get others to read, and turn Protestant, like themselves. I see that; and I don't wonder that Father John says it; for sure he would be blind all out not to see what every man in the parish sees. So it isn't Father John saying it that bothers me; but what I can't make out at all is, why the Bible should put every one astray, and make every one that reads it turn Protestant."

"Man alive," says Pat, "sure isn't that as plain as your hand. Why, wasn't Luther the first Protestant that ever lived, and didn't he write all the Bible himself, and why wouldn't it turn every one Protestant that reads it?"

"Sure enough, Pat," says Jem, "if that was true it would make all plain; but there isn't a word of truth in it, that's all. Sure doesn't Father John tell us that the Catholic religion is 1850 years old, and doesn't he tell us that Luther lived only 300 years ago (and I believe that's all true); and will any man in his senses tell me that the Catholic Church had never a Bible for 1550 years? Sure that doesn't stand to reason. And isn't there the Douay Bible, that the priest allows is the true one? And where did that come from? Sure Luther didn't write that too. And so, if Father John was to tell us that Luther wrote all the Bible out of his own head (and sure enough, I heard Father John once say very near that same), I wouldn't believe him; for how could Luther put it on the priests, too?"

"Don't you see, Jem," says Pat, "that you have it now? 'Twas the Protestant Bible, of course, that Luther wrote; and it's as different from the Catholic Bible as turnips is from the good old cups (my blessing be with them and the old times), and sure that's the reason that reading the Protestant Bible turns every one into a Protestant."

"Well, Pat," says Jem, "if that was it, I'd be quite happy and settled in my mind at once; but I doubt it isn't

it, after all. Didn't I hear old John Dowd, the schoolmaster that lives over at Kilmore, the cutest and learnedest man that ever was in this country, say that he got a Protestant Bible and a Catholic Bible, and that he read them both together (and he was the boy that was fit to read two books at wonst), and didn't I hear him lay it down that there wasn't a word of differ between them that signified one haporth? And that's what makes me ever more uneasy in my mind, till I get the reason why reading the Bible should make people turn Protestant. Sure now it's not easy to believe that the Word of God would put every one astray entirely. And by the same token, you told me yourself that Luther was the first Protestant that ever lived, only 300 years ago, and that there never was a Protestant for 1,500 years before that. Now if they had the Bible all those 1,500 years, isn't it mighty odd if no one ever looked into it? and if they did, why did it never turn them Protestants before as well as after?"

"May be it was all in Latin, Jem," says Pat, "and that nobody at all could read it."

"Well," says Jem, "the schoolmaster said that wasn't it, though I don't remember how he made it out. But I'll tell you what it is, Pat, my mind's all astray about thinking why the Bible should make every one a Protestant, and set every one astray that reads it. Sure that isn't like the Word of God at all; and I can't attend to my duties the way I used to do, nor keep myself from thinking, and I be to look for something to quiet me, and its to Father John I'll go, and ask him the reason why reading the Word of God is setting all the people astray."

"And isn't it yourself that'll have to flatter him neatly, and get him in the best of good humour when you go to poke him with questions like that, Jem?" says Pat. "And isn't it his reverence that'll handle you, and may be put up your name before the people?"

"Well, Pat, I want to be satisfied in my mind, and sure I'm willing to be satisfied; and who would I go to to settle me, if I wouldn't go to my own clergy? Sure, if all the boys that go astray from reading would only go to their clergy to satisfy them, and set them right, maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Any way I'm resolved to try; and maybe I'll have the telling you what he says."

And by that time Jem was up to his own door; so he says, "Good evening, Pat." "Good evening, neighbour," says Pat, "and I wish you safe from Father John."

Well, it so happened, about three weeks after, that Pat and Jemmy fell in together again, coming home from chapel, and of course they began to talk.

"And did you ever speak to Father John?" says Pat.

"Indeed I did," says Jem; "last Thursday was a fortnight he overtook me on the road, him riding and I walking; so I took off my hat to his reverence, and as he spoke to me pretty civil, I made bold to talk to him then; and says I, 'Your reverence, I hope since you came to this parish you never found me anything but a boy that always attended to his duties and was respectful to his clergy.' 'True for you,' says he, 'that's what you are.' 'Well,' then, says Jem, 'I want a bit of advice, and maybe a little instruction from your reverence; for who would I go to for it, only to my own clergy?' 'Quite right,' says he; 'if everybody did that,' says he, 'the way they used to do, the people wouldn't be going astray.' 'Well, then, your reverence,' says I, 'I'm uneasy in my mind about one thing that's disturbing me; and I'm sure your reverence could settle it in one word, and maybe you'll have the kindness to do so.' 'What is it?' says he, quite pleasant-like. 'I wanted to know, your reverence,' says I, 'what is the reason that the Word of God should set everybody astray that reads it?' With that he turned round upon me as sudden as a clap of thunder, and says he, 'Its reading the Bible you are, and going to turn Protestant on me.' 'No, please your reverence,' says I, 'its nothing of the kind.' 'Your a liar,' says he, 'and its reading the Bible you are.' 'No, please your reverence,' says I, 'I never had a Bible in my hand in all my life, and I never heard one word read out of it good or bad' (and with that he began to look more easy in his mind and more agreeable-like), 'barring,' says I, 'the bits of scraps that your reverence reads in the chapel sometimes, and sure,' says I, 'looking up at him out of the corner of my eye, that wasn't too much, any way.' 'And what more do you want?' says he. 'Only just to know,' says I, 'why it is that the reading of God's Word puts every one astray that reads it.' 'And what's that to you,' says he, 'if you don't read it?' 'Only this, your reverence,' says I, 'that I see everybody that's reading the Bible going astray and turning Protestant.' 'Sure enough,' says he. 'And it seems so unnatural-like,' says I, 'that God's own Word should set the people astray, and ruin them entirely, that I can't get my mind off thinking of it, and I can't attend to my duties for thinking, and sure if your reverence could settle my mind for me in one word, wouldn't it be the good thing for me?' 'To be sure,' says he, 'and isn't that what I am going to do in a moment?' and with that I pulls off my hat, and says he, 'Isn't it the Protestant Bible they're reading, says he; 'that's all full of lies from beginning to end? and isn't that the reason their going astray and turning heretics, and doesn't it stand to reason?' says he. 'Oh, then, your reverence,' says I, 'its all because they're reading a false Bible that they are going astray

and turning heretics.' 'To be sure it is,' says he; 'what else?' 'And if the Catholic Bible wouldn't set them astray,' says I, 'I'm all right in my mind, and satisfied entirely now and evermore.' 'To be sure it wouldn't,' says he, 'when its the right one.' 'Well, your reverence,' says I, 'just one word more; when so many of the people is turning, and,' says I, 'there's Johnny Connor, and Tim Daly, and there's —' 'Don't talk to me about them,' says he, 'I don't want to hear of the likes of them.' 'Well, it isn't about them, your reverence,' says I, 'but about the rest of the boys that isn't gone yet; if its a bad Bible that's leading them astray, wouldn't it be the good thing just to give them the right one, and let them see the differ?' 'What's that to you?' says he, 'just mind your own duties, and hold your tongue.' 'But, your reverence,' says I, 'its fretting me to see the boys going, and its unsettling my mind; and if its the lying Protestant book that's doing it all, sure there would be nothing like the right Bible.' 'Mind your own duty,' says he, quite sudden, 'and don't be teaching your clergy; its always the way,' says he, 'the minute you think of the Bible, you begin to teach your clergy.' 'Sure,' says I, 'its not for the likes of me to teach anybody, let alone my clergy; but sure,' says I, 'I only want my clergy to teach me one thing.' 'What is it?' says he. 'Only this,' says I, 'is the Protestant Bible like the Catholic Bible, at all?' 'Not a bit of it,' says he, 'how could heresy be like the Catholic faith?' says he. 'Well, your reverence,' says I, 'there's many of the boys as uneasy as myself, when they see how things is going on, and the people turning Protestant; and if your reverence would only show us the two books, and let us see the difference, we would see then the reason of it all.' 'Is that what you are after?' says he, 'I'll put you from the likes of that,' says he; 'see how it will be with you,' says he, 'if I call your name from the altar!' 'And is that all the satisfaction your reverence will give me?' says I. 'Mind your duties,' says he, 'or I'll have satisfaction of you,' says he; and with that he rode off, looking as mad as you please."

"Deed and," said Pat, "if his reverence would only give us a little more satisfaction it might keep some of the boys from turning, for sure he ought to be able. But sure I tld you how it would be; and what will you do now, Jem?"

"Why, I can't rest in my mind, Pat, now more nor ever, till I find out why it is that reading God's Word should put every one astray, for it seems more unnatural-like than ever; and by this blessed light, since Father John won't give me any satisfaction about it, I'll try if I can't get some time of speaking to the Rev. Mr. Owens, the parson, and I'll ask him if he can tell me any satisfaction about it. Sure I know he will speak civil to me any way; and if he can't give me satisfaction, I'll not mind anything else he says, and there's no harm done."

And so they parted for that day; and if we hear anything more of what happened, we will tell it truly.

THE STATE OF DEPARTED SOULS.

It is a solemn and deeply-interesting inquiry, to any one who has ever lost a friend, whether it is in the power of the survivor to benefit the soul that is gone, or contribute to its happiness or spiritual rest. In every age, those who have believed in the immortality of the soul have speculated on the state of those who are departed and are no more seen; and before the coming of our Lord, the greatest philosophers of antiquity had exhausted speculation upon it.

Eusebius states that "Plato (who died 350 years before Christ) divided mankind into three states:—Some who, having purified themselves by philosophy and excelled in holiness of life, enjoy an eternal felicity in the islands of the blest, without any labour or trouble, which it is possible neither for words to express nor thought to conceive. Others, who have lived exceedingly wicked, and, therefore, seemed incapable of cure, he supposed were, at their deaths, thrown headlong into hell, there to be tormented for ever. Besides these, he imagined there were a middle sort, who though they had sinned, yet had repented of it, and therefore seemed to be in a curable condition; and these, he thought, went down, for some time, to hell too, to be purged and absolved by grievous torments, but that after that they should be delivered from it, and attain to honours, according to the dignity of their benefactors."

It would appear, also, from various passages in the ancient poets—for instance, Homer and Virgil—that the popular belief then was, that souls, in this intermediate state, might receive help from the prayers and sacrifices of the living; but whether the philosophers entertained a similar belief appears not to be equally clear, nor is it, perhaps, worth while to consider. We, who have the light of Christian revelation to guide us, must base our religious belief on something more substantial and satisfactory than the dreams of poetical imagination or the philosophical speculations of Plato or Socrates. And the solemn inquiry still remains, what does the Christian revelation make known to the faithful on this momentous question? That there is a heaven

for the holy, and a hell for the reprobate, is so plainly made known in the Holy Scriptures, that a child cannot doubt or mistake it. Whether there is a third place or state of being, where the sins committed here can be expurgated, either by personal suffering or the exertions of surviving friends, is the only matter capable of dispute among professing Christians, and has been for centuries, and still is, a leading point of difference between the Churches of Rome and England. We would approach this matter with the most anxious solicitude and reverence, as well as tender and sincere regard for the feelings and opinions of others on this momentous subject. Alas! who is there who does not feel conscious of failure of duty towards some one departed friend, at least, to whose happiness he would most gladly sacrifice anything which he was assured would contribute to it in the unseen world? and who can wonder that the popular belief in the efficacy of masses for the dead has been, and still is, the source of such abundant pecuniary profit to those privileged to dispose of them? The only wonder appears to us to be, that thousands of holy men, who have been ready to devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow-creatures, should not have voluntarily and without pecuniary payment, consecrated their lives to the holy purpose of relieving or shortening the torments of the faithful in the intermediate state of temporary punishment, the horrors of which, as described by theologians, cannot be thought of for a moment without shuddering. Who can think of purgatory—its flames, its torments, its wailing spirits, and tormenting fiends—and believe that when the spirit leaves the body it will plunge into something worse than cauldrons of boiling oil and molten lead, there to burn for months, and years, and centuries, till all its sin is purged away, either by suffering or the suffrages of surviving friends, and not be ready to make any sacrifice to alleviate and abridge the period of such torment? And who can believe that any pious priest could hesitate to perform as many masses as were needful for the souls of those who during life were under his guidance, merely because they were poor, or because money was not paid them for so doing? Much more wonderful (it seems to us) is it, that the Pope, if he really has the power of freeing souls from such a place of torment, should not at once do so, after the example of him whose benefits were prophetically described as granted *freely, without money and without price!*

Surely no good man would hesitate to rescue a fellow-creature in this world from the fire in a burning house, merely because he was too poor to pay him for it, or could, without incurring the execration of all good men, pause to bargain for the price of his assistance, before he would do anything in his power to save the victim. And is it credible that they who profess to be able, should be really *unwilling* to terminate, or even alleviate, the sufferings of those who are gone before? Alas! however, for poor human nature (or we should, perhaps, rather say *inhuman*), the truth is not only so, but far worse. Those who have been *actually paid* for saying masses for departed souls, have not always been honest enough to perform their part of the bargain. If Italian monasteries have not been grievously belied, they have not unfrequently purchased at Rome, absolution for their neglect to say masses for which they had received large sums of money, on the express condition that they should celebrate them for the souls of their founders or benefactors. The first indulgence granted in the Venetian States, was to the *Servites de Madonna*, in 1645; and it is well known, that in 1723, Pope Innocent XIII., by a single rescript, freed all the Augustine monks, the Dominican friars, the Carmelites, and several other bodies from the obligation of celebrating perpetual or daily masses for certain souls in purgatory, which they had *omitted*, till the arrears became enormous, on the terms of their saying instead one grand annual funeral mass, during the "Octave of the Dead," in one of their convents in each province, each monastery retaining, nevertheless, all the money which had been paid them for perpetual masses; he thereby also permitted them, by a commission composed of the monks themselves, to compound their liabilities as to other masses, by taking the present market price of masses as the measure of their obligations. So that the poor souls who had made a good bargain, and bought, perhaps, one hundred perpetual masses when they were cheap, thinking the contract was always to stand good, thus received only fifty when the market price was doubled."

Is it possible to believe that such unholy and inhuman frauds could ever have been practised on the dead? and can it be possible that Pope Innocent XIII. can have believed that his *indulgence* to the living *really* injured the dead? If it did not injure them, it must follow, necessarily, that the masses, if said, would not have served them, either by alleviating or shortening their sufferings; and if that be so, whether purgatory be a truth or a dream, we think the traffic in masses for the dead will soon be a less profitable one, even in impoverished Ireland. We shall resume this sad and serious subject in our next, and shall enter upon its consideration by the inquiry, what were the opinions of *St. Patrick* upon this deeply important question.

* De Potter, Histoire de Christianisme, vol. v., page 297. Paris edition, 1836.

HYMN OF ST. PATRICK.

WE now redeem the pledge which we gave in our first number, and present our readers with this Irish Hymn, the oldest undoubted monument of the Irish language extant, and which has never, we believe, before been printed, except in Mr. Petrie's valuable and elaborate essay on the History and Antiquities of Tara Hill, in the 18th volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, a work of a very costly description, and inaccessible to the majority of our fellow-countrymen. It is taken from the celebrated M.S. *Liber Hymnorum*, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and also in the British Museum, London—a manuscript which, in the opinion of Archbishop Ussher, who died in 1656, was in his time a thousand years old. It is written in that ancient dialect of the Irish, called *Bearla Feine*, in which the Brehon laws, and the oldest tracts in the language are written, and the orthography of the words varies so considerably from more modern productions, and so many of the words themselves have long become obsolete, that we have thought it may be acceptable to our readers to present them with a translation in modern Irish, carefully made by an eminent Irish scholar, for ourselves, as well as an accurate English translation, and the Latin one given by Mr. Petrie, for the satisfaction of the learned. As a record illustrative of the religious doctrines of St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of Ireland, we think it can hardly fail of being acceptable to all, whether they believe him to have preached Christianity in Ireland by a commission from Rome or not.

To enable our readers fully to appreciate the occasion on which this ancient document was composed, we must premise, that in the year 433 St. Patrick preached at Tara before Leogaire (or Laoghaire), then the supreme monarch of Ireland, on the celebrated hill of Tara, in the county of Meath, the chief residence of the Irish kings from the first establishment of a monarchical government in this country. The national convention or parliament was then assembled in that place, for the celebration of the great national festival of Tara, called "Baal's fire." The force with which St. Patrick urged upon them the truths of the Gospel, was such that, according to some accounts, the king himself became a convert to Christianity, and great multitudes of his subjects, including Dubtach, the arch-pope of the kingdom, and Conall, the king's brother, soon followed his example. Whatever may have been the immediate effect, the preaching of St. Patrick before King Leogaire, at Tara, is one of those facts on which all authorities concur, and for the sake of brevity, we give the condensed abstract of the matter, furnished by Dr. Lanigan.

After narrating the progress of St. Patrick during the years 432 and 433, until the approach of Easter, when he determined on celebrating that festival near Tara, Dr. Lanigan proceeds thus:—"On the following day, which was Easter Eve, St. Patrick continued his journey, and arrived in the evening at a place called *Ferta-fer-feic*, now Slane. Having got a tent pitched there, he made preparations for celebrating the festival of Easter, and, accordingly, lighted the paschal fire about night-fall. It happened that at this very time the King Leogaire and the assembled princes were celebrating a religious festival, of which fire-worship formed a part. There was a standing law that at the time of this festival, no fire should be kindled for a considerable distance all around, until after a great fire should be lighted in the royal palace of Temoria, on Tara. St. Patrick's paschal fire was, however, lighted before that of the palace, and being seen from the heights of Tara, excited great astonishment. On the king's inquiring what could be the cause of it, and who could have thus dared to infringe the law, the Magi told him that it was necessary to have that fire extinguished immediately, whereas, if allowed to remain, it would get the better of their fires, and bring about the downfall of his kingdom. Leogaire, enraged and troubled on getting this information, set out for Slane, with a considerable number of followers, and one or two of the principal Magi, for the purpose of exterminating those violators of the law." It was immediately before, and in anticipation of the imminent peril in which he was placed when approaching the stronghold of his Pagan enemies, that this remarkable hymn was composed by St. Patrick, and is said to have been sung by him and his followers as a defence against the plots that beset his path. It is familiarly known by the name of "St. Patrick's Armour" (*Loricæ Patricii*), and is obviously a prayer for protection from the incantations of his Druidical opponents, who were determined on his destruction, and contains many internal evidences of its having been composed at a period, when Pagan notions of the power of the elements had not given way before the light of Christianity.

It is remarkable that the *Luireach Phadruig* is still remembered popularly in many parts of Ireland, and a portion of it is, to this day, repeated by the people, usually at bedtime, with the same superstitious confidence in its protecting power as, according to St. Evins, was placed in it previously to his time, in the sixth century.

The preface, which is ancient, but obviously more recent than the hymn itself, is as follows:—